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## THE CONSTELLATION.

## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A GOOD SOCIETY DIALOGUE.

Tom and Jim, Broadway dashes, meeting

Tom.—Ah, my dear fellow! I'm glad to see you this morning—'pon honor, your presence is prodigiously opportune.

Jim.—How so—what's on foot now? a fancy-ball, a dinner, or a drive?

Tom.—Neither—nothing of that sort now—as for fancy-balls, I have no fancy for them—ha! ha! ha! that's a good one?

Jim.—Capital—quite *fin-ical*, 'pon honor! but what do you want of me, eh?

Tom.—Oh, nothing very particular—only, you know, Monday is New-Year's day—or rather the day on which the New-Year's calls are to be made.

Jim.—Well, what then? Shall we touch up the ponies together—crack through the city in your new nondescript, and astonish the natives with its elegant appearance?

Tom.—That's what I was thinking of—but there is one objection in the way—

Jim.—Objections! what objections can there be to a pea-green sleigh, shaped like the shell of a Triton?

Tom.—Oh, the thing is well enough—but it is the calls—the calls—I have my doubts whether to make any at all.

Jim.—Why so?—can't you go the hot coffee and cold water they serve up now-a-days, instead of the cherry-bounce and hot whiskey-punch that were once so fashionable—hang the Temperance Societies!

Tom.—Amn, say I. These temperance societies, or teetotal societies, as my little coz calls them, why, they are the greatest bores in existence—don't you think they had the impudence to send me an invitation to one of their anniversaries?

Jim.—Good—good—I hope you went like an honest fellow, and pledged yourself—as I would have done—in a full bumper of Jeanning's champagne?

Tom.—No, Jim, I staid away, for fear of consequences—but we were speaking of New Year's calls, and whether we should favor the ladies with our presence that day.

Jim.—True—but why should we not? Do the hot coffee and chocolate put you out of conceit with bright eyes and tempting lips?

Tom.—Not at all—you know I have too keen a relish for the beauties of nature to be so easily kept from them. But I have weighty objections to these New Year's calls—they are getting too vulgar for me—all the tradesmen in town are taking up the fashion, and blow me! that is enough to kill them.

Jim.—'Tis indeed. No matter what may be the fashion that we leaders of the ton set, down it goes through all the grades of society till it ends in the very abyss of tag-rag and bob-tail.

Tom.—Just so—you reason like the philosopher's stone, or a sophomore from college—fashion ceases to be fashion when every body adopts it—

Jim.—That's a fact!

Tom.—And so, you see, it is quite a question with the fashionables whether they shall keep open doors on New Year's—as the plebeians have taken up the custom—and thus countenance their apish presumption—or whether they shall be not at home on that day, and in this manner be a little different from the multitude of the common people. What say you on this subject? Miss Lillynose is dying to know your sentiments, and will, I dare say, be governed by them.

Jim.—How was it last year? let me think—oh, I have it—there was an attempt made by a few *prima donnas* to put a stop to the thing, and you know we had to leave our cards at one or two houses, because the ladies were not at home.

Tom.—Yes, and there were some *jeu d'esprits* in the newspapers about the affair—by the bye, newspapers are horrid nuisances and ought not to be tolerated—but for all that the attempt was well received by good society and is this year to be repeated on a grander scale.

Jim.—Ah, say you so, how know you that?

Tom.—Why it is a bit of a secret I had in confi-

dence of my pretty coz—she says there is a secret society among the ladies—a sort of female masonic affair—which met the other night to concert measures for the more effectually abolishing this New Year's visiting.

Jim.—Oh, I think I have some indistinct recollection of that myself—I have a fair cousin, too, Tom, as well as you—egad! she is a knowing one though she can't keep a secret—the society is called the Anti-New Year's Calls Society.

Tom.—The same, as I live! But what said your coz, Jim, of the proceedings of this select coterie?

Jim.—Why, in the first place she gave me this form of a pledge, which they all swore to and subscribed.

Tom.—Blow me! how I should like to have heard the sweet oaths issuing from their soft lips—but as that can't be, just read to me the pledge. I suppose it went to the tune of "Home—sweet home!"

Jim.—"Not at home!" you mean—but here, you shall have the pledge in its own language, though there is no poetry in it.

Tom.—Give it to us, my dear fellow, I am expiring to hear it.

Jim.—(reads.) "Know all women by these presents—"

Tom.—Blow me! I should think you were reading the dedication in an Annual or an Album.

Jim.—Don't interrupt me—"Know all women by these presents. Whereas for a long time past a custom has prevailed among the gentlemen in this city, of calling upon the ladies on New Year's days, and whereas the said custom, by reason of the march of fashion and intelligence, has now become barbarous and antiquated, and is followed from choice only by the lower classes in society, being considered by the higher circles both preposterous and ungenteel, we therefore, whose names are hereto subscribed, impressed with the importance of our rank in society—and of the imperious necessity of maintaining that importance even at the risk of the ridicule and contempt of our inferiors, do hereby pledge ourselves, each to the other, that we will not on the forth-coming New Year's day, nor any other New Year's day hereafter, receive or admit, see or be visible to, harbor or countenance, treat or entertain, any gentleman, or gentlemen, who may call upon us on that day, but will, on each and all of these occasions, deny and refuse ourselves, be invisible and not at home, to such gentleman or gentlemen."—(Signed) "Fiona Proud-

lotte," and forty others—

Tom.—Good—good! my ladies—there is some spirit in that pledge—to say nothing of the salutary influence it will exert on society. Now we shall know who is who and what is what. Every lady who is not at home on New-Year's will, of course, be classed in the very elite of good society, while those who are at home will be voted ungenteel, unfashionable and uneducated.

Jim.—Exactly so—you take the idea to a charm—I dare say you had been enlightened on this subject before—but, after having heard the pledge, how shall you carry yourself on New Year's?

Tom.—To call or not to call—that's the question.

Jim.—Why, I think we may leave our card—as to seeing the fair ones, *in propria persona*, that is out of the question.

Tom.—Yes, it is so—for the question is reduced to this—shall we leave our cards on New Year's or not?

Jim.—No—I say no—for if it be vulgar for the ladies to receive calls, it is still more so for gentlemen to make them—so I decide for myself in the negative.

Tom.—You are right, Tom. Apart from the examples set us by the ladies, I own I have long considered the custom unbecoming men of our cloth. Only think of the rabble which on that day you meet with, half of whom never perpetrate a call during the rest of the year, but who on that day thrust themselves into every house, to a single inmate of which they ever sold pins or tape—pugh! it is shocking to my nerves to think of it. I vote with you, Tom, to make no calls on New Year's.

Jim.—No calls on New Year's—that's the text-stick to it my boys.

Tom.—No calls on New Year's—that's the text-stick to it my boys.

SEEING A MAN—DRUNK. Tom Hobbs once reported that he saw a certain clergyman drunk. The reverend doctor hearing of this, was not a little provoked at the slander, and forthwith repaired to Tom to give him a severe reprimand.

"How is it, Tom," said the divine, "that I hear such accounts of you?"

"Accounts!" quoth Tom, "egad! I keep no accounts."

"I mean," said the former, "the arrant stories you have put in circulation respecting my character."

"Ah," replied Tom, "I now understand you—but what stories do you mean? I tell so many, that, as I said before, I keep no account of them."

"Why, sirrah, I hear you have reported that you saw me drunk."

"Well, I did say so—and I say so again—I saw you drunk."

"You did see me in that state—when and where?" answered me quickly, or you shall suffer the penalties of the law."

"Why, don't you remember passing me the other day about eleven in the morning, and just opposite the tavern here?"

"Yes—I do recollect it—but what then?"

"Why, then, your reverence, I was pretty essentially drunk, and so I saw you—drunk."

COMIC SKETCH BOOK.—Finn, that prince of punsters—the Hood of America—this year makes his appearance in a new character. He has given us a work, in some respects similar to Johnson's scraps, which we noticed last week, but differing from these in a variety of respects. Finn's sketches are in general, graphic illustrations of his puns, while Johnson's scraps are rather humorous designs, and pictures of broad grins.

The wit of the former is more concealed than that of the latter—but we know not that it is less excellent after it is discovered. The Sketch Book is published by Peabody & Co. to whom the public is indebted for his liberal patronage of the fine arts. We trust that he will continue a series of the works thus pleasantly begun. Such works are the best antidotes in the world for the blue devils and hard times—indeed they are meat and fuel to every man who can laugh and be fat, and shake his sides and be warm.

For the Constellation.

Even times are in perpetual flux, and ebb,  
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.  
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;  
The flying hour is ever on her way.—DAVIDSON.

The commencement of a New Year must naturally suggest to every intelligent person some serious thoughts on the years, which have sunk into the vast ocean of eternity, and must bring with it some anxiety concerning those which are yet to come.

It is usually greeted by the different portions of mankind with a variety of emotions. To some it is the messenger of pleasing intelligence; to others, the harbinger of happiness; to many it brings with it sorrow and misery; to all it whispers—*Statum est omnibus semel mori*.

It is hailed by the Bacchanalian as a season in which he may, with impunity, indulge in his favorite pleasures; by many a tender father, as the day when a promising son was first given to his arms, and perhaps, by an affectionate mother, it is sorrowfully recorded as the anniversary of the visit of death within the precincts of her abode.

But with the majority of mankind immersed in the cares of business, the pursuits of pleasure, or the acquisition of power, time is seldom looked upon as their conductor to eternity. The lapse of a year seldom reminds them that they are so much nearer the "narrow habitation." It seldom induces a reflection on the brevity of man's existence, and notwithstanding the daily evidences afforded them by the fascinating influence of the momentary pleasures of life; still careless of their inevitable fate, they mingle with the thoughtless throng, searching in vain for happiness where she is not, until they are arrested in their course by the unerring grasp of disease, or of death, and they sink into the sleep of the grave. Nor is the speedy revolution of time wanting in laying open to our view the futility of all human greatness.

Glance but at Europe, it was as yesterday that as a machine, she was thrown into universal motion. And by what! By the boundless ambition of one man, and he, a native of an inconsiderable island; of obscure birth, and destitute of all claims to royalty. He razed cities even with the earth; subjugated nations; made kings; bestowed crowns; and regardless of laws, gave birth to an epoch more famous than the olympiad of the ancient Greeks. The fire brands of war were scattered by him; desolation followed his steps; anarchy and confusion were ever in his train; where ever he trod, there freedom ceased to exist, and peace and security were banished from the peasant's happy cot. The tears of bereaved widows were seen to flow, and the sufferings of humanity multiplied with his power.

Where is he now! He sleeps insensible to fame, unbettered by that boundless applause which he vainly sought of men. A world, over which he vainly would have swayed a despotic sceptre, has afforded him only a narrow dwelling on a desolate island, washed by the turbulent waves of the Atlantic.

It was but lately since the Inquisition, that monster of catholic superstition and inhumanity, famous for its iniquity, reared its hydra-head aloof, and spurning at justice, it mercilessly violated the laws of humanity, and existed the Golgotha of southern Europe. But the spread of religious liberty has stopped its career, the christian no longer fears the rack, nor the agonizing tortures of the Inquisition.

Turn now your thoughts to the south of our own hemisphere. In the midst of her splendor, Mexico was made desolate, her princes ignominiously murdered, and her absolute master an insatiable adventurer. The reign of the lucas passed away as the shades of twilight, and Peru, drenched with the blood of her children, and of her sovereigns, was decreed a province of despotic Spain, and reluctantly, she was compelled to accept as her master the inhuman Pizarro.

Influenced by the love of gold, and governed by no principle but that of avarice, the Castilian sought the new world, and Spanish swords were stained with the blood of the innocent. Carrying all before them, they were the scourge of Mexico and of Peru, while, in order that the guilt and infamy of the transaction might be the more complete, the name of the divinity was profaned by a sacrilegious ceremony in the act of taking possession, and on decreeing that fair empire a Spanish province. For ages the groans of that unhappy people mingled with their native air, their chains bowed them to their native earth, while their masters, inebriated with the cup of luxury, reclined on the couch of ease, and never dreamed of justice.

The Mexican sun was indeed eclipsed, but not to remain so forever. Again he has been permitted to shed forth his genial rays; again he shines in all his wonted splendour.

Liberty has returned to the people inhabiting the countries that are fertilized by the waters of the broad Pacific, the Amazon, the Rio Grande, and overlooked by the lofty Andes. Liberty has returned, and has leaped to perch under that unclouded sky. The Despot terrified at her approach has shrunk from her presence, and the oppressors now feel the lash in their turn.

But let me now advert to individual greatness, and ask of what avail it is with time. Newton, Copernicus, and men eminent in every department have existed, but where are they now? Could their greatness preserve them from the fate of the meanest of mortals?

Death is regardless of greatness, or learning, or beauty, or of power. He spurns not the good, the just, the happy, nor the powerful. How necessary then that all should prepare for his appalling summons. Time proclaims the approach of another year, it comes with hasty strides. Lo! while we sleep it passes, another is at its heels; another takes the place of this; another, and another in quick succession. 'Tis time that flies, and leaves us to follow, or bears us to the grave.

Let iniquity retire with the verging year. Let malice dash its poison into the abyss into which the year shall leap with time. Let slander sheath its deadly weapon, and vice and immorality cease. May the ensuing year be distinguished for the sincerity and friendship which man shall observe towards man, and may those virtues continue to be exercised, until that time shall arrive when we shall all meet.

"In that time where skies unclouded, shed  
Peace on the spirits of the glorious dead."

Duke Constantine. We have seen some attempts to rescue the character of the late Duke Constantine from the charge of barbarity towards the Poles. A recent work of authority, however, states, that his temper was truly ferocious. He was known to have ordered a soldier 550 lashes for having the seams of his gloves sewn inside instead of outside. A lady and gentleman having passed him one day in their carriage without recognizing him, were forced to labor on the public works, trundling a barrow along with convicts and deserters. An officer of Lancers was commanded to perform some manoeuvre of great difficulty, which his horse's want of training prevented him from executing. Constantine cursed both man and beast. He called for muskets, and had a pile of them with bayonets fixed, set upon the ground, of the width of twelve feet, and then ordered the Lancer to leap over them. He succeeded in accomplishing the frightful task, only to be compelled to do it a second time to the astonishment of all present. One of the Generals then interfered, representing the exhaustion of the officer and animal. Constantine in a rage again commanded the leap to be made. The noble animal cleared the bayonets with the fracture of two of his legs; the Lancer escaped unhurt. He advanced to the Duke, and thanking him for the honor he had hitherto enjoyed as an officer in the Emperor's army, tendered his resignation. He was ordered to the guard house, and was never seen again, doubtless assassinated as others had been before by order of the Grand Duke.

## MISCELLANY.

## LA PEROUSE.

[These lines were written on a blank leaf of "La Perouse's Voyages," by Thomas Campbell. A previous portion of the poem celebrates the generous objects of its hero, who "ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain."]

Yet he that led Discovery o'er the wave,  
Still finds himself an undiscover'd grave.  
He came not back—Conjecture's cheek grew pale,  
Year after year—in no propitious gale,  
His lilied banner held its homeward way,  
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed—no wreck told where or when  
The chief went down with all his gallant men,  
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood  
He perished, or by wilder men of blood—  
The shuddering fancy only guess'd his doom,  
And doubt to sorrow gave but deeper gloom.

An age elapsed—when men were dead or grey,  
Whose hearts had mourn'd him in their youthful day:  
Fame traced on Manilla's shore at last,  
The boisterous surge had mounted o'er his mast.  
The islesmen told of some surviving men,  
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.  
Sad homage of all his toils—with all his band—  
To sleep, wracked, shroudless, on a savage strand.

Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn  
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn;  
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,  
But worth—foretasting fame, that follows death.  
That worth had La Perouse—that need he won;  
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done.  
In the great deep—whose boundaries and space  
He measured, Fate ordained his resting place;  
But bade his fame, like the ocean rolling o'er  
His relics, visit every earthly shore.  
Fair Science, on that ocean's azure robe,  
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,  
And paints (what fairer wreath could Glory twine)  
His watery course—a world-encircling line.

## THE UNKNOWN TONGUE.

From the Court Journal.

Our readers have, in all probability, read an account of a strange scene at the church of the Rev. Mr. Irving, in which a prophesying from the North, cut a most distinguished figure. The heresy, which we believe is in Scotland called the Raw heresy, has been for some time flourishing among our brethren beyond the Tweed, and has just made its appearance among us. As its apostles pretend to all the gifts of which the primitive apostles were possessed, it was of course rendered necessary that they should prove that they had among the rest the power of speaking strange languages; and accordingly the chief of the tribe—a lady—has boldly claimed it. It is not wonderful, it may be observed, that the gift of tongue has fallen upon a woman.

There is unfortunately, however, this difference between the dispensation to Miss Campbell and that vouchsafed to St. Peter and his brethren,—that the languages which they spoke, were understood to those to whom they were addressed. Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, the dwellers beyond Mesopotamia, Jews and Gentiles, knew what St. Peter was saying when he addressed them. Unluckily, what Miss Campbell and her followers say, is known only to themselves. Mezzofanti himself, the Polyglot lion of Bologna, who talks seven and thirty languages, would be completely at fault while our modern sybil is pouring forth her inspirations—revelations we can hardly call them for they reveal nothing; and the profane are inclined to call the dialect gibberish. Some persons were of opinion that it was merely Scotch; but that is (we believe) an ill-founded idea. Most truly do the disciples call it—"The Unknown Tongue."

Let us, as Mr. Irving would say, fructify on this subject.

Is Miss Campbell the only person in London who talks the unknown tongue? We doubt it. If we lay down it as a postulate or an axiom, that as "speech is made to convey our thoughts," (consult that great philosopher, Pangloss, in the Marriage Farce,) with a view of impressing them upon others, if we fail in the attempt, our powers of language are as completely thrown away, as wholly useless, as if the tongue in which we spoke was actually as unknown as the newly discovered language of Miss Campbell. This philosophical or philological remark being granted, it will be admitted that it is a language in great request among us.

"My dear lad," says Sir Jacob Jolter, "I am so glad to meet you, I have been looking for you half a dozen times, and never had the good fortune of catching you at home. You look marvellously well."

So far was perfectly intelligible to his Lordship. He was very glad to see Sir Jacob—very sorry that accident had prevented him from having met him before.

But Sir Jacob proceeded—

"I think you are grown considerably stouter since the election; you were a good deal fagged then, my Lord, a good deal fagged: and ayropos of the election

that brings me to what I principally wished to see you about. You remember, my Lord, that you said my votes—not many, to be sure—and my influence, which, without vanity, I may say was something, should not be forgotten on due opportunity; and now, since your Lordship has been made Lord Lieutenant of the county, I think a Deputy Lieutenantcy would be exactly the thing that would suit me. My standing in the county—my family, &c. &c.

We may cut short the harangue of the worthy baronet. He had now fairly begun to speak the unknown tongue—for his auditor could not be made to comprehend one word he was saying.

Again—

"I have taken the liberty of calling, Sir, to remind you of your promise to settle my little bill, which you were so kind as to say you would arrange last Christmas. I should not have thought of—"

"Snip, my dear fellow," is the reply, "I am glad you have called—I was just going to send for you. I want three dress coats—black, blue, brown—at once; and my rascals are, I am told, out at elbows—so let me have half-a-dozen liveries."

"Of course, Sir; but I beg to remind you of the little bill—"

"Snip, have you any new patterns for waistcoats? Sir William Stylish had a most superb affair yesterday. It was green velvet, I believe, with a landscape, the Bay of Naples, or some such thing, worked on it in gold. It looked magnificent. Have you any thing of the kind?"

"Sir William does me the honor of having his clothes made by me. I have a quantity of that pattern still remaining, Sir;—but if you would be so kind"—

"Snip, there is no resisting you; make me a couple of waistcoats of that pattern."

"Certainly, Sir; but I beg to remind—"

"Snip, are you a reformer, or an anti-reformer?"

"Why, Sir, I have too much to do to think of politics, and am no judge, besides—but, Sir, if you would be so kind—"

"My dear Snip, I see my fellow has just driven my cab to the door. I am on a cursed committee of the House, which I must attend per force this very moment; but be punctual, as punctual, I mean, as a tailor can conscientiously be; and as I drive by in the course of the day, I shall look in upon your waist-coating."

It is quite evident from the utter irrelevancy of the M. P.'s answer, that he did not understand the language of his tailor; that so far as he was concerned, the fraction of humanity was speaking in an unknown tongue.

"Put down my name, Mr. Ferritt, as one of the patronesses of your truly valuable establishment," said her Grace of —, and a £50 subscription opposite to it. "Charity is a duty incumbent upon us all."

[Exit Mr. Ferritt, with a bow, to blazon forth her Grace's munificence in all the newspapers of England. Her Grace descends to the door, where her carriage is waiting. A half-starved widow is standing near it in meek patience. She ventures to address the portly Princess, and contrives to edge in a word in spite of the exertions of the servants. She had, in former days, been a friend—a useful friend—she now humbly begs for a moment's audience of her former companion. Her son is in a hospital; her daughter had died that morning.]

"I wish the street-keepers were more active in their duty," said the Duchess.—"drive me to the Countess of Alford's."

The voice that prayed for unostentatious benevolence, spoke to her Grace in an unknown tongue.

The poet whose verses, full of genius, are "cut up" by a smart reviewer, who has read them with eyes that saw not; the officer, military or naval, who addresses the dispenser of rank with no other interest than that of having contributed to the victories of Wellington or Nelson; the man who presses a minister for reward for services past, without any power to render services in future; the rustic dame who presses a lady patroness for her countenance at Almack's on the strength of civilities and utilities at the last County election—all these, and a thousand beside, speak to their respective auditors in the unknown tongue.

## NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

Of this edifice lately destroyed by the violence of a mob we have the following description and history.

The approach to Nottingham from the Oakham road is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The bridge by which you cross the river, whose winding course shows like a silver snake in an enamelled field, conducts you to St. Mary's Hill, a street, whose houses are supported, and in some instances overhung by the solid rock. The cliffs extend round the left side of the town, encompassing them, as it were, with a natural rampart, and on the summit, in the most commanding station, stood Nottingham Castle, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. Few places of strength have been more celebrated in history than that ancient building. Monarchs have resided and held within its walls, their courts and councils, their jousts and tournaments. Here the guilty Mortimer, Earl of March, and the licentious Queen of Edward the Second, lived in open shame, till her son, assisted by the Lords Mowbray, Clifford, Sir John Neville, and Sir Edward Bohun, and others, resolved to free England from the yoke of the insolent and rapacious minister. The manner in which they succeeded has almost the air of a romance.

The fortress was strongly guarded, and the keys

were carried every night to the chamber of the Queen Dowager. It became necessary, therefore, to obtain assistance from within. Sir William Eland, the governor, had discovered a subterraneous passage half filled with rubbish, and through this, the monarch, with his followers, were admitted, and the traitor seized in an apartment adjoining the Queen's. His hasty trial and execution on the gibbet at Limes are too generally known to require narration.

The passage still remains, and its entrance, to this day, is known by the name of Mortimer's hole. In the mansion, so lately destroyed, but little remained of the ancient fortalice. The front was of the time of Sir John Vauburgh, and here and there, scattered about, like gems of antiquity in a modern cabinet, might be traced relics of its former style. Although situated in a delightful neighborhood, it was never used by its noble owner but as a temporary shade. Indeed, I can remember it in my younger days the residence of an ancient lady of rank connected with the Newcastle family. She lived with as much state as her means would allow. There were many strange reports in circulation respecting her manners and the cause of her retirement. Perhaps her eccentric habits, were the only foundation on which these reports rested.

It is now three years since the writer of this sketch inspected the Castle, but the recollection of its interior is still fresh upon his memory. The rooms were of noble dimensions, and furnished in a half modern style. In the drawing-room, which commanded an extensive prospect, were heavy velvet curtains, and cabinets of the time of Louis XIV. The dining room, and the suite adjoining were, perhaps, the most ancient in the house. They were adorned with some good family pictures, several of them inserted in the panelling, the heavy carved work of which served them as frames. The staircase was a fine specimen of English oak and stone work; but most of the pictures which had at one time adorned it were removed. One or two ancient beholds remained, as well as the long rolls of the genealogy of its noble possessors; but amidst these relics of the past there was no attempt to introduce modern art or comfort. An air of desertion pervaded the entire building. It remained a specimen of what an English noble's mansion formerly was.

The Mortimer passage has, for ages, been more than two thirds filled up. Our conductress, who, for the sake of the picturesque, it is to be regretted was not an aged crone, said that she had heard something of the existence of a subterranean passage, but added that all knowledge on the subject was confined to the Duke and the steward. For her own part she had never seen it. A friend afterwards informed me, that the report originated in a former possessor having caused a strong chamber, the entrance to which was concealed by the hangings in the Duke's closet, to be made for the purpose of security for plate in case of an attack or of fire, a danger not unlikely at the time of its formation, 1745, as the rebel force had advanced as far as Derby.

Its finely proportioned rooms, its halls and chambers have now passed away, and a shapeless ruin alone remains to endure the spot to the antiquary, the artist, and the man of taste. It is to be hoped that the populace will never again be so far left to the guidance of their passions as to destroy any of the yet remaining monuments of their fathers' industry and power.

## REFORM.

"We've often thought, and perhaps 'twill strike  
The reader, the Reform Bill's like

Our subject-plate, a waggon;  
The fore-horse in the team's a Grey,  
And though they're working night and day,  
But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix  
In state or civil politics,

Yet wish 'the Bill' may be a  
Most sovereign cure for England's ills,  
And prove, like Abernethy's pills,  
A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,  
But leave to wiser heads than ours

The labours for which we  
Have no vocation, while we say  
Cut every rotten branch away,  
But do not harm the tree.

Without pronouncing on 'the Bill,'  
In praise or censure, there are still  
Some things we can't help noting;  
For instance, those who t'other day  
Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay  
Ten pounds a-year for voting.

In many a wight whose crippled toe  
On cushion rests, 'the Bill' will blow  
Up hope's expiring embers;  
He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,  
Bless'd with the liberty to choose  
Another set of members.

The poor especially, 'tis said,  
Expect 'the Bill' will cheapen bread—  
We rather doubt it; still  
Some reason in the hope we see,  
They've heard so much concerning the  
Provisions of 'the Bill.'

And, should it pass into a law,  
Such wonders as the world ne'er saw  
'Twill bring about, we trow;

Since it has clauses which propose,  
We're told, to give a voice to those  
Who have no voices now.

Thus Birmingham, for deeds in arms  
So famed, though safe from war's alarms,  
Will profit by the plan;  
While Manchester, of high renown,  
Will send two members up to town  
By Pickford's caravan.

And Sheffield too that shines in steel  
Its benefits will surely feel

Through all its various trades;  
It needs no second sight to see  
Its representatives will be  
Two keen, well-temper'd blades.

Nay, in the Commons' House, a few  
Would have the colonies vote too;—  
How strange 'twould be, some day,  
When Parliament for business meets,  
To see two members take their seats  
Return'd from Botany Bay!

'Tis more than probable 'the Bill'  
Will out a few old members; still  
There must be some who never  
Can care about a seat, since they  
Would be, could they but have their way,  
Upon their legs for ever.

Our song is sung;—If ask'd to own  
Our party, we would answer, none—  
Whig, Radical, or Tory;  
We rank ourselves among the friends  
Of those who, scoring private ends,  
Seek England's weal and glory." *Harmon.*

## ARGUMENTS OF THE ENLIGHTENED AND THE IGNORANT.

The conduct of individuals of the Houses of Parliament and the populace respectively, in the late political excitement in England, is thus freely canvassed in the London Spectator.—*Atlas.*

There has been a great deal said against the late outrages of the mob—and very properly; for the violence is an exceedingly bad argument, and convinces nobody. Men, however, whose heads are hot and empty, and whose hands are full and ready, are naturally prone to a rash application of force. No persons have exemplified this proposition more strikingly than some of the Peers themselves. Did not, a short time ago, the Marquis of Londonderry, in the extremity of his wrath and the poverty of his wit, challenge the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack, in the midst of a deliberative assembly, composed of men highest in station, and professing to be first in wisdom? Was this gross outrage punished in any way? Was the brutal ordeal alluded to scoffed at, and the proposer of it expelled the House? When, again, the mob had been guilty of some excesses, what was the first idea that darted across the bright genius of this hereditary legislator?—that he would pistol the people! In his place in the House of Lords, he declared his intention of arming himself for that purpose. Was it pointed out to him by any one, that he was about to proceed under the same blind and ignorant feelings that actuated the very mob he despised so much? Who was the leveller here? Another noble Lord, stung by some article in a newspaper, immediately resorted to those means of preventing the repetition of such papers which he deemed the readiest: he talked of putting the writer to death before he slept, or he himself would be the victim sacrificed on the barbarous altar of revenge. Here is a lord, God save the mark! who has thousands and tens of thousands spent upon his education, upon furnishing his brain, polishing his intellect, and preparing him for the duties he was born to; and yet has remained in so rude a state of mere animal feeling, that when a writer is to be opposed, he can hit upon no better scheme than would have occurred to a drayman in the street. He should have stripped his jacket, thrown it at the feet of the Chancellor to hold, and squared his fists at the Ministerial benches, and the transaction would have been complete, and the noble Lord in his element; Lord Winchelsea shall put down the press with fist-cuffs, and Lord Londonderry shall extinguish popular excitement with a pocket pistol. The charge against the mob of London, by this brave cavalry officer, pistol in hand must have been as fine a sight as that of Mrs. Partington taking her mop to puddle out the Atlantic Ocean.—In the new Tory Administration, his Lordship must be Master of the Ordnance; and this famous pistol must be preserved in the Tower by the side of the trophies of the Spanish Armada.

The Lower House sets a similar bad example. One night this week, Colonel Trench took offence at something said by the peaceful Member for Middlesex; who avowed that a statement made by the Colonel, respecting Mr. Hume's behavior in the mob on Wednesday, was not true. What thereupon did the gallant Colonel?—Say that he could prove the truth of what he had stated, and offer to call such evidence as would satisfy any impartial person? No—he insisted that he would fight Mr. Hume on the occasion.

Is the conduct of the mob more brutal than this? and do not rioters proceed on the very same principle? One person can convince by arguments, when thousands can cock pistols, throw stones, and give bloody noses. The mob declares the House of Lords to be in the wrong, and absurdly lays hands on some of the most virtuous of its opponents. Lord Londonderry is



aggrieved by the observations of the Chancellor, and says to the head of the Law and the Magistracy—"Come out and fight; and if, by a bullet through some part of those intellectual integuments which should your wisdom, I do not prove you wrong as plain as holes can speak, then have I no more to say." Can the Duke of Newcastle be astonished if the voters of Nottingham are no wiser than Peers and Members of Parliament, and use the self-same argument?

True courage is a noble quality, but it does not consist in strutting through a crowd of pickpockets and dirty boys, like a turkey cock; nor in presenting a pistol in the face of a hissing and hissing mob; nor in threatening to assassinate a writer in a newspaper; nor in challenging a man of business and effective habits, to decide a question of fact by single combat. Neither, on the other hand, does it lie in stoning Lord Londonderry, or in assaulting Nottingham Castle; but while the violence of a people threatened with ruin and starvation is met by universal execration, let not the violence and outrageous acts of their superiors be pardoned and forgotten.

## DEFINITIONS.

No book has lost more by "improvements" than Johnson's Dictionary. The definitions in which Johnson's spleen burst out against a world which had used him hardly enough, have been extracted one by one, until this famous Dictionary differs little from a common word. The first edition took the town by surprise more than any book of its day, and a second edition was called for within the year. No doubt part of the charm was to be found in such definitions as these:—

**Tory.**—A cant term, derived, I suppose, from an Irish word signifying a savage. One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolic hierarchy of the church of England, opposed to a whig.

**Whig.**—The name of a faction.

**Pension.**—An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-treacher for treason to his country.

**Pensioner.**—A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master.

**Excise.**—A hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom it is paid.

For this opinion on matters of excise, the commissioners conceiving violent wrath, actually meditated a prosecution for libel, and laid an opinion before Murray, the Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Mansfield, to ascertain how far they could take vengeance on the man who had called them wretches, a name, however, to which they had been tolerably well acquainted from the time of Walpole. Murray, who probably thought the whole affair absurd, recommended that "an opportunity should be given to the writer to alter his definition; otherwise, he should be threatened with an information." Murray thus dexterously contrived to evade the *onus* of a public prosecution, and the hint was probably given to Johnson, for the definition of both Excise and Pension were altered in his octavo abridgement.

The Doctor's well-known antipathy to the Scotch, still displayed itself in his definition of

**Oats.**—In England the food of horses, in Scotland the food of men. But his gall was let fly on other things too, for example—"Dragon, a soldier who fights indifferently on foot or horse-back." His scorn of his own pursuit was humorously represented by his own definition of—"Leetigrapher, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge; and "Grub street, the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub street."

In the British house of Lords, on the 17th ult. Lord Chancellor Brougham made the following remarks:

"With respect to the question of the recess he had no fears, whatever might be the impatience of one or two well-meaning but over-anxious individuals, that the people would do full justice to the motives of the Government in the time which they might propose. But good God; when they talked of a prorogation for a week, did they know the state of exhaustion to which incessant labor had reduced some members of the Government? The two noble Lords [Althorp and Russell] could not, he was satisfied, go on without some repose; and as for himself, although he did not complain, it was exactly twelve months last Friday since he had been at work, with the exception of three days at Christmas, and two days at Easter, (chiefly spent, by the by, in travelling,) from six or seven in the morning till twelve or one at night. If any man was so unreasonable as to say they should go on, he was confident at least that the great body of the reasoning classes of his countrymen would think differently; and that if they threw themselves on them, they could have no fear of obtaining a verdict. Whatever advice they might give with respect to the adjournment, was intended principally for the purpose of more easily carrying the wishes of the people into effect, and achieving the success of that great

measure entrusted to them. What that measure was would soon be seen; and he hoped that even those who might express regret now at the time of delay being a little too long, when they saw the effect of it would have the candor and fairness to admit in all probability that it was quite short enough, and feel gratified at the course which had been adopted. [hear, hear.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TALLEYRAND.

**Tickler.**—I know of no match for you but one—good, old, simple, worthy, straightforward, unsuspicious, single-hearted, heavenly-minded, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord. You would be driven in a carriage.

**North.**—By whom?

**Tickler.**—Oh, well, we never mention him.

**North.**—Name—Name.

**Tickler.**—He, above the rest.

In shape and gesture proudly eminent.

Stood like a tower.

**North.**—Thank ye—Well, I don't doubt Talleyrand among the Whigs has been almost as much at home as Kit North among the Cockneys.

**Tickler.**—I can suppose it. You have met?

**North.**—Not since 1786—The abbe de Perigord was then a fascinating young gentleman. I supped with him two or three times at Madame de Silbery's. He was very fond of Pamela, and very agreeable to every body—How has he borne the war and wear of years, and outis and protocols?

**Tickler.**—Why, I saw little change, all things considered, since I was in Paris during the days of *Le Citoyen Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la Republique une et indivisible*.—The coat he came to the levee with was, indeed, I could almost swear, the identical one I saw him in at Body at a grand military fete in honour of the death of Washington—an old blue habit gillone; to wit, with the hip buttons about a foot lower down than is the fashion in these degenerate days, and wide enough to have embraced another devout exhibitor of equal girth, without pinching.

His lameness, has of course, become more troublesome and apparent; he stoops somewhat—considerably indeed—and his hair, which he still wears in the ancient cut, grand redundant flowing curls gathered half way down the back—bone in a black ribbon a la Richelieu, has turned as white as driven snow, or even as Queen Caroline's reputation; but otherwise the man remains much in *statu quo*—the brow smooth and unwrinkled as in the first candid dawn of its innocence—the eye—the large, open, clear, blue eye not a whit less calm, gentle, serene and apostolic—the original mild, soft, paternal smile on the good Father in God's pale lips—the complexion of the same cold, fixed, colourless, passionless purity—the whole air now, as then, that of a human being refined and exalted by the unvaried exercise of faith, hope, charity, mercy, forgiveness, long suffering, meekness, and all evangelical virtues, into a frame of mind so entirely seraphic, that one could hardly look at him without feeling as if some delicious old melancholy *miserere* were in progress and this saint upon earth were waiting for the last note of the organ, to fold his thin transparent ivory fingers and say, "Let us pray!"

**North.**—Far in a wild, unknown to public view. From youth to age a reverend hermit grew; The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell, His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well; Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days, Prayer all his business, and all his pleasure praise.

**Tickler.**—The best possible inscription for the next print of St. Charles Maurice. I shall suggest to my friend Dr. Dibdin, with a view to—"The Sunday Library."

**North.**—By all means. But surely it is impossible not to agree with Buckingham, in Richard III.

"When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads it is hard to draw them thence; So sweet is zealous contemplation."

What a pity that your Falcks, and Palmerstons, and Wessemborgs, and such like lewd cat'le should ever be suffered to interrupt and bother this Christian prince!

When in no worldly suit would he be moved To draw him from his pious exercise!

**Parody of a Poacher.** A poor strolling player in England, was once caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, for examination, one of them asked what right he had to kill a hare, when he replied in the following parody on Brutus' speech to the Romans, in defence of his killing Caesar:

"Britons, hungrymen, and epicures!

Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for my honour, and have respect for my honour that you may believe; censure me not in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a poacher's love for this hare is no less than his. If then he demand why a poacher rose against a hare, this is my answer;

not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare were living and I had died quite starving,—than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow?—As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was plump, I honour him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; but, as he was eatable, I slew him. There are tears for his beauty, honour for his condition, joy for his speed, and death for his toothsome-ness. Who is here so cruel, would see me a starved man? if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so silly, that would not make a tadpole? if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so sleek, that does not love his belly? if any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience with this long and strange harangue, which had begun to invade the time which his own belly told him had arrived.

"Then," said the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench, "since justice is desisted, it need must have something to devour. Heaven forbid I should keep any justice from dinner!—so, if you please, I'll wish your lordship a good day and a good hare to dinner!"

The magistrates, eager to retire, and somewhat pleased with the fellow's last wish, gave him a reprimand and let him go.

## THE MODERN CUPID.

He rests on violet banks no languid limb;  
The Bank of England is the bank for him;  
Nor bull nor lion he triumphant rides,  
But bullion is the golden beast he guides;  
He takes no cold by midnight's serenade,  
For men of laws his instruments have made.

His doves are stock-doves, and no notes have place,  
Unless the words of promise decorate his face.  
Lord of the Treasury, Master of the Mint,  
This is our cupid; ladies take the hint;  
In short, a money-loving god is he,  
Call'd by his votaries—Cupidity. [Diamond Mag.]

## MANSION HOUSE.

**Elegant Mendicancy.**—The Lord Mayor, upon going into the justice room, was handed the following epistle:

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, &c."

"My Lord—While demoralizing themes are fitted on the giddy pinnacles of fortune—while even the excess of depredation can find an asylum—shall the zealous adherent of pure morality and mental improvement, driven on the verge of the tomb by his ardor for British ascendancy, and by sickness, be denied pity? Oh, my Lord, I can give to you unequivocal proofs of my sincerity. It is not possible but the Chief Magistrate of the metropolis of the world will, even in equity, but particularly of his generous feelings, either grant a pass to bring me to Belfast, or yield a shilling or two, and a pair of old shoes, to lead me on my sorrowful path so far as the dry ground terminates? I am so far parentless, penniless, strengthless, and hopeless, though influenced by my own glowing zeal, and the enthusiasm of my heart, to believe that I should find every Briton breathe those genial and generous feelings which should ever distinguish the sons of fair Britannia. Will your Lordship condescend to hear a few words of an experimental conversation with me?—I wait your Lordship's command in the anti-chamber. J. J."

The Lord Mayor having desired that the writer of the letter should make his appearance, a man about 35 years of age, every article of whose dress was in a most poetical condition, entered from the pauper's room, to which his warm imagination had applied the more graceful epithet.

"Pray," said the Lord Mayor, "how does it happen that such a master of language as you should be in such a woful plight? Applicant.—That is, my Lord, an ordination of Providence. I have tried, my Lord, at all concerns, and done nothing. Providence must have had some motive for producing me, but it is the most hidden and mysterious moment in existence!" (loud laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—What sort of business have you been engaged in? "Teaching the young idea how to shoot" in Ireland; (laughter)—but it was hungry work. I worked all day, and had no substantial food to support me; for, though I used to cut the meat for the boys, I was obliged to shave it for myself; (loud laughter.) The mistress had a sharp eye, and hated waste, and she knew to the weight of a grain what quantity I sent down to keep life moving in me—(laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—They act more liberally in England.

Applicant: That, my Lord, was the identical circumstance that made me direct my steps here. "Go," says every one to me, "to the Mansion House, and you'll see what a difference there is!" (great laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—You mistake me, my friend, I mean the keepers of schools. You will have better chance of good treatment here in your profession.

Applicant—I hope so, my Lord; but I was assured that the schoolmaster was abroad every

where in England; and by virtue of my oath, I have scarcely seen a man, since I landed on your shores, that ever yet appeared to have met him—(laughter.) Where's the use of instructing the obstinate and brutal? I sent a play, (a tragedy) to Drury Lane Theatre, and they promised to bring it out before the public, but it was obliged to yield its place to the dragons and tigers, and pole-extas, although there was not a line in it that was not the height of morality and virtue—(laughter.) They wanted me to introduce the natives of the woods and wilds, and desolate places; but I told them I didn't understand the language, and so they employed one of the link boys, and they allowed him the privilege of driving the two trades—necessary and dramatic—(laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Well, I regret to see you in such a condition. Your habits, I am afraid, must be rather uneconomical, or you would not be ragged, however you shall have a few shillings, and something to cover you, and we'll contrive to send you home.

Applicant—Most respectfully, I thank you, my Lord Mayor, and if ever you come to Ireland, and happen to be in the same condition that I am, you shall command my services.

## BAUMGARTEN.

"The late Mr. B., the great musical theorist, when a boy, was in his native country, Germany, apprenticed to Mr. Kunzen, an eminent musician. That gentleman having one evening given his servant leave to go out, after having put down to the fire a partridge to roast for his supper, and having occasion to absent himself for a short time, desired the boy, (young Baumgarten) to superintend it till he returned; and placing on the sideboard a pint decanter of Moselle wine, told him, to prevent his tasting it, that it was poison. The master staying out beyond his time, and the partridge becoming overdone, the boy, with a longing look, putting his finger to it, one of the legs dropped off. After having recovered from his surprise, he ate it; and soon after, pursuing the same course, off came a wing, which he ate also. At length, being impelled by the irresistibility of the bird's flavor, as well as by an insatiable appetite, and thinking that as his master had stayed out so late he would not return to supper, he devoured the remainder of it, trusting to his invention for an excuse. Having finished his meal, reflection, which generally comes too late, overtaking him, and dreading the severity of his master's disposition, he determined, in despair, to swallow the poison in the decanter, which had been placed on the sideboard. This he had scarcely effected, when his master knocked at the door, which the boy in his confusion delayed to open; and on being asked why he did not come sooner, the boy, much agitated, replied, 'The cat ate it!' 'Why, you are dreaming,' said the master. The answer was again, 'The cat ate it!' The master finding that he could obtain no other reply, entered the kitchen, where, not seeing any partridge at the fire, and a plate full of well picked bones on the table, which the boy had neglected to put out of sight, was preparing to chastise him, when the boy, almost drowned in tears, cried, 'Pray, sir, don't beat me, I can't live long, for I was so much grieved at the fault I had committed, that I swallowed the whole bottle of poison!' Baumgarten, soon after he came to England, was patronized by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, brother to George the Third, and, during the summer season, was at the head of his musical establishment at the Royal Lodge at Windsor. The Duke having made an addition to his stud, by the purchase of a pair of beautiful carriage-horses, occasionally drove them in a break in Windsor Great Park, of which he was ranger. One morning he invited Baumgarten, whose disposition was extremely timid, to sit on the box with him; and as the invitation of his Royal Highness was tantamount to a command, he with secret reluctance ascended. During their progress the Duke, who was a kind hearted and a very young man, knowing Baumgarten's fearful disposition, and wishing to have a little harmless sport with him, made the young horse kick and plunge, crying out at the same time, 'Take care of yourself! Baumgarten, or you'll be off!' which so terrified the musician, that losing sight of the respect he had felt towards his patron, and catching him fast round the waist, he exclaimed, 'By— if I go, you shall go too!'—*Parke's Memoirs*.

**Attempt to Poison.**—The lad to whom we alluded yesterday, as having attempted to poison his master's family with arsenic, is the son of a respectable clergyman of Augusta, (Me.); he is nearly sixteen years of age, and is, for the present, in private custody. We learn from the Courier, of this morning, that he had been detected in some dishonest practices, and his master had determined on sending him home to his parents.

"In order, (says that Journal,) to prevent an exposure of his fault, the boy attempted to poison the whole family. On Monday forenoon, he went to the house and enquired of the cook what was in preparation for dinner; and, having ascertained, he sprinkled arsenic on the meat, butter, &c.; put a portion of the same poison in the tea-kettle, and mixed another portion with sugar in the sugar-bowl. He then put a cracker in his pocket, and

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said he should not come home to dinner. Immediately after dinner, the whole family of six persons, including a domestic, were seized with vomiting, and violent irritations, the effect of the arsenic. Medical aid was forthwith called, and the proper antidotes administered. Last evening, we understand, four of them were convalescent, but two were still dangerously, and, it was feared, fatally ill. So determined was the young delinquent to leave no blotches in his work of destruction, that he threw arsenic into a pitcher of water, in order to poison a boy who was a boarder in the family, and who, he knew, drank no tea. The arsenic sank to the bottom before imparting its deadly quality to the water, and the intended victim escaped the poison although he drank of the contents of the pitcher. The culprit confessed the crime, and stated the particulars as we have given them above.

The lad was an apprentice to Messrs. Maynard and Noyes, apothecaries, and boarded with the junior partner, who is the gentleman referred to in the above statements.—*Boston Transcript.*

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1831.

### CIVILITY COSTS NOTHING.

Civility is the cheapest coin a man can make use of; and at the same time it goes a great way. It answers in the room of solid gold; and stands in the place of precious stones. It is an unfailing resource—a sort of bank whereon a man may draw, when all other sources fail. Indeed it is not to be despised by the possessor of more shining wealth; for it may serve his purpose, when that, on which he sets a higher value, will prove unavailing.

A civil word, spoken in season, will turn away wrath; and a civil behavior will prevent its occurrence. It promotes harmony in neighborhoods, and smooths the way of social intercourse. It cannot indeed be employed with propriety to the exclusion of justice or charity; but it is equally important to the promotion of a good understanding and friendly demeanour among mankind.

A civil man seldom gets into a quarrel, or a dispute with any of his fellow-creatures; and still more rarely comes off with a broken head, a gouged eye, or a punctured in the thorax. Civility disarms the ruffian, and silences the bully. Strike a civil man! Pshaw! nobody could be so much of a brute. Even ruffians themselves would take part against one of their own number, who should so far depart from the decencies of humanity as to offer violence to a civil man.—Shame on him! they would cry, to attack a peaceable man; one who offers no insult, who treats every body with good manners!

Civility goes for with all sorts of people—with men of all degrees. Towards superiors it is pleasing, because it is taken for an acknowledgement of their superiority. To inferiors it is still more pleasing, because it is soothing to their wounded pride, or humiliated feelings, at the lowliness of their condition. It seems to say to the superior: you are above me, and entitled to all manner of deference. To the inferior, it intimates, that: though you are placed beneath me in wealth or station; you are nevertheless my equal in many good and worthy qualities, and thus I esteem you. It will, first and last, go as far as flattery with the high; it will, in the long run, serve you better than gold with the lowly. Though no man can, according to the old saying, be a hero to his valet de chambre; yet he can treat with civility not only his valet, but all those whom unequal fortune has placed beneath him; and he will ultimately find, that he never lost any thing by the practice of that most easy of all virtues.

Civility will answer as a substitute for silver and gold—at least for a time—and perhaps until those more tangible representatives of wealth can be obtained to redeem the pledge. It is the debtor's servant; and may be made to serve him to good purpose with a pleasurable creditor.

"I really Mr. Doubloon, wish with all my heart to discharge the debt I owe you, which is both honest and just, and for which I am under the greatest obligations to your goodness for patiently waiting on me. You ought indeed to have had your money long ago; and should have had it, if fortune had favoured me. But I regret to inform you, that it has not been, and is not now, in my power to pay you; and I must crave your kind indulgence a few weeks longer, when I hope I shall be able to satisfy all your demands."

"Oh, very well—very well"—says the creditor—"I do believe you are disposed to pay me as soon as you can; and I am not the man to press my debtors, to their injury, so long as I find them willing to do their best. Take your own time Mr. Cartwright."

How could a creditor fly into a passion, or suddenly take out a writ against so civil a debtor? The

thing is nearly impossible. But let another debtor come to the same creditor, and, instead of civil words and a gentle demeanour, appear short and crusty; he will in all probability get little mercy shown him.

"I can't positively pay you now, Mr. Doubloon. There's no use whatsoever in pressing me up so hard—sending to me, every whip-stitch, for money that I've told you time and again I ha'n't got a penny on't."

"But I'm in want of the cash, Mr. Grumbo."

"Then you must wait it, for all what I can do, I ha'n't got a cent in the world."

"You've got property, Mr. Grumbo."

"Oh, then you mean to sue me, do you?"

"I should be extremely sorry to do it—but—"

"Oh, you may sue, and be — if that's all you want."

"That is not what I want. The money is all I ask."

"Well, I tell you once more, I ha'n't got it—and what's more, I don't know as I shall ever get it—so there's no use in talking, Mr. Doubloon."

The creditor, meeting with such a rebuff, ten to one goes away and sends a constable for the debtor, who is put to much trouble and expense for his mere want of civility.

It is equally important in many other cases. If you would borrow or beg, civility is the vehicle by which you can best arrive to the accomplishment of your purposes. Very few people desire to lend, merely for the sake of lending; and fewer still are fond of giving only for giving's sake. But though they are proof against the disposition to oblige, and equally so against the demands of charity; they cannot so well stand out against the effect of civil words and a winning demeanour. Children are taught this.

"Ma wishes to know if you'll be so very kind as to lend her a drawing of tea? She's got company this evening, and she didn't know she was out of tea, until all the folks had come; and she says she'll be very much obliged to you indeed, if you'll just lend her one single drawing."

Such civility, and from a child, is irresistible; and two drawings are sent instead of one. But here comes another child, and says, in a gruff manner.

"Pa wants your shooting-iron."

"Who is your pa?"

"Who is my pa? Why, what's that to you? pa wants your shooting-iron, this minute."

"He can't have it."

Had the child been civil, in all probability he would have got the shooting-iron—*alias* the gun—without much difficulty.

It is the same in begging: a civil tongue and decent behavior will carry a man a great way; but nobody will bestow anything on a saucy beggar.

"Lord love your sweet face, madam; I'm sure you're a dear kind-hearted woman by your very looks; and would rather do a body kindness than not. I'm a poor unfortunate man, with a wife and nine sickly children; and we were all burnt out of house and home not a week ago. If you will be so kind, so cold descending, and so obliging, as just to give me some old clothes that are all worn out, and some cold victuals that nobody can eat, I and my dear wife and family will be a thousand times obliged to you, and bless you and pray for you as long as we live."

There is no standing this; and ten to one the civil beggar gets not only decent food and clothing, but money into the bargain.

But here is a more sturdy beggar. He walks in without deigning to take off his hat; and says, in a surly manner—

"I want something to eat."

Victuals is probably set before him; when turning up his nose, he exclaims—

"I want something better than that; I'm tired of cold meat. I want some grog too. Besides, ha'n't you got a good coat about house, or a spare dollar, to give me?"

Thus he goes on making his demands, until, presently, he gets himself kicked out of doors, without either food, clothing, or money—and all for his want of civility.

### UNACKNOWLEDGED CHILDREN.

There was formerly a lawyer and judge, not a thousand miles from here, who, though a man of very creditable talents in his profession, was more distinguished for his gallantries, than his reputation either at the bench or the bar. He is now beneath the clouds of the valley; but his descendants are no doubt numerous, and might not be pleased if we should name him. He had sons and daughters born at home, but a still greater number abroad. His children at home were allowed to be his own children, of course; but the paternity of those abroad was not so well settled; and he was obliged to maintain a watchful care over his acknowledged sons and daughters, to prevent their marrying with those who were unacknowledged.

Several accidents of this kind had nearly taken place, when there came to reside in the neighborhood a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose charms very soon made a deep impression on the heart of one of the Judge's sons. He began to be assiduous in his attentions, and every body said it would be a match—except the Judge—and he, as yet, had said nothing about it. But when he found what every body said was likely to prove true, and that the young people were earnestly disposed to take each other for better or for worse, he thought it time to bestir himself. Wherefore, taking his son aside one day, he began to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his attentions to the young lady.

"Impropriety, sir!" exclaimed the son.

"Yes, sir, the greatest."

"How so? my intentions are honorable."

"I do not doubt it—but the lady—"

"What of her? tell me, father, what of the lady?"

"Enough, sir, to prevent your marrying her."

"Enough! For heaven's sake, father, what do you mean—what do you know of her?"

"More than I feel disposed to tell."

"You torture me—you rack me with suspense—you make me imagine a thousand dreadful things. Tell me the truth at once."

"Let it suffice, my son, that you cannot marry the young lady without bringing disgrace upon yourself and misery upon your family."

"Disgrace! misery!—and yet you do not tell me wherefore. Is she not virtuous?"

"I believe so—but—"

"Is she not a lady of sense and education?"

"No question of it—but—"

"Is she not young and handsome?"

"Admitted—but—"

"But what, father? The evidence is altogether in her favor by your own admission. How then can you make out a case against her? What objection can you have?"

"If nothing but the plain truth will satisfy you, I must tell it. She is your sister."

"My sister!"

"Ay—I said so."

"Indeed, father, I'm much obliged to you for giving me so many brothers and sisters all over the country; but I beg that, to save future trouble, you would just give me a list of them."

### EARLY DAYS OF NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton was a posthumous child, and of premature birth. So diminutive was his size, as his mother used to relate, that he could have been put into a quart mug; and so perishable seemed his frame, that little hope was entertained of his surviving beyond a few minutes. "Providence, however," says his biographer, "had otherwise decreed; and that frail tenement, which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind, was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity, and to survive even the average term of human existence."

Newton, according to his own account, was at first very inattentive to his studies, and very low in his school. "The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick upon the stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac labored incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy."

He showed an early fondness for mechanical pursuits; and "provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a wind-mill, a water-clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it." He also contrived a mill to be turned by a "mouse, which he called the miller, and which, by acting upon a sort of tread-wheel, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail; while others alleged that the power of the little agent was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel."

Among the early passions of Sir Isaac was a love of drawing; and even of writing verses. His own room was furnished with a variety of pictures, drawn by himself; and under a portrait of King Charles I. were the following verses:

"A secret art my soul requires to try,  
If prayers can give me what the wars deny,  
Three crowns distinguished here, in order do  
Present their objects to my knowing view.  
Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,  
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.  
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,  
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet;  
The crown of glory that I venerate see  
Is full of bliss and of eternity."

The mother of Newton was in humble circumstances; and when he had attained his fifteenth year, she took him from school to assist in the management of

the farm, and country business at Woolsthorpe. But his mind had taken a bias to study and mechanical exercises which was not to be overcome.

"In order," says his biographer, "to accustom him to the art of selling and buying, two of the most important branches of rural labor, he was frequently sent on Saturday to Grantham market to dispose of grain and other articles of farm produce, and to purchase such necessities as the family required. As he had yet acquired no experience, an old trustworthy servant generally accompanied him on these errands. The inn which they patronized was the Saracen's Head at West Gate; but no sooner had they put up their horses than our philosopher deserted his commercial concerns, and betook himself to his former lodging in the apothecary's garret, where a number of Mr. Clark's old books afforded him abundance of entertainment till his aged guardian had executed the family commissions, and announced to him the necessity of returning. At other times he deserted his duties at an earlier stage, and intrenched himself under a hedge by the way-side, where he continued his studies till the servant returned from Grantham. The more immediate affairs of the farm were not more prosperous under his management than would have been his marketings at Grantham. The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighboring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were devouring or treading down the corn."

**BURNING ASHES.** We have heard on good authority, as the rumorists say, that a gentleman in this city has invented a mode for burning the ashes of anthracite coal. He makes them up into balls, or masses, of convenient size, by mixture with some sort of liquid—whether it be water, or wine, or whiskey, or some unknown medium of combination, we know not. These balls, or masses, are thrown into the grate, rekindled, reburnt, and turned again into coal. And so the process of decomposition, and recombination, alternately goes on—first reducing the coals to ashes, and then again reducing the ashes back to coals; so that a man who sets out with his grate full in the beginning of winter, will find it equally full in the spring, with the exception of the small matter of dust that flies about his room on the handling of the poker. One thing, however, is to be observed, that the ashes burn better, and make a hotter fire than the coals; so that on the alternate days, when the former are burnt, the room is most certain to be kept warm and comfortable.

The world has been said to grow continually wiser and wiser. But it may stop now; this is the *ne plus ultra* of remarkable improvements. Of the philosophy of it we will say nothing at present, not being positively certain about the alleged fact; and many a great philosopher has rendered himself a good deal ridiculous by attempting to dive into the rationale of a thing before the thing itself was proved. But one thing we will take leave to say, namely, that if the burning of ashes comes into general use, it will injure the coal trade exceedingly. But never mind—the coal-dealers have made money enough for a month past; and it is time now for the burners of ashes to have their day of triumph.

**THE POPE AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM.** In 1530, Copernicus, the great astronomer, brought to a close his immortal work on the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies. But he was afraid to publish it at that time for fear of exciting the prejudices and incurring the opposition of the Church. It was kept on hand thirteen years before it was published; and then it was dedicated to the Holy Pontiff, and of course supposed to receive his sanction. This was a very prudent step in Copernicus, for if the Pope was content that the earth should be round and not flat, and that it should revolve on its axis once in twenty-four hours, instead of the sun travelling a long journey every day to give it light, who could find fault? Thus ushered into the world, the Copernican System took very well; it met with no ecclesiastical opposition, and gradually made its way in spite of the ignorance and prejudices of the age.

**GOING INVOLUNTARILY TO SEA.** The Boston Post gives an account of a vessel lately launched at South Boston, whose deck, as is usual on such occasions, was crowded with spectators. The towline, which was intended to break the velocity of the launch, somehow or other itself became broken, and away the vessel went to sea, without sail, rudder, or compass. The weather was excessively cold, night came on, and still their unwilling voyage was continued. Boats put off to their relief; but without avail; the sea was rough, and the vessel so high out water, that approach was impossible. Finally their voyage continued, without food, water, or grog, until the next day, when



being driven upon a friendly beach high and dry, they were brought home with frozen ears, noses, fingers, etc. heartily satisfied with going to sea in a launch.

The following, cut from the Boston Transcript, is the latest we have seen from the *finny* gentleman.  
"BASSIANA. To a gentleman, who asked what had become of the Poles, Bass replied, with 'infinite promptitude,' 'They have been cannonized!'"

PLATT has been fined 250 dollars for his assault on Mr. Everett.

MODERN AMERICAN COOKERY. By Miss Prudence Smith, New-York: J. & J. Harper.

Here is a work of real Taste. It is no empty humbug; no product of mere imagination or fancy; but treats of solid matters—such as roast beef, plum puddings, venison pasties, and all the good things which are indebted to the art of cookery for their delightful qualities. In short it is filled with rules for enabling mankind to *live well*; and therefore cannot be objected to, like some of the lighter works of the day, as having a bad moral tendency.

Who the author, Miss Prudence Smith is, we know not; but surely she ought not to have been suffered to remain single till the age of fifty years, which, she informs us in her preface, has been her fate. She accounts for it however by saying—"I spoiled my complexion by poring over the fire, studying the practical part of the sublime science, and like all great cooks that I have ever heard of, grew fat as it were by boiling over the coals. Hence the idle young fellows of my acquaintance paid me little attention." Her whole preface, which occupies eight pages of close print, is exceedingly amusing, and will make the reader laugh preparatory to his growing fat upon her more solid dishes. She thus speaks with sisterly feeling of the immortal Hannah Glass—"There is scarcely a civilized being who hath not benefitted by her labors in the cause of human happiness; and it is one of the indications of a base, ungrateful world, that neither statue, nor monument, nay, not even a biography or a painting hath been consecrated to her memory." She hath shared the fate of the great Homer, whose birthplace remains to this day a matter of doubt and uncertainty.

In addition to rules and directions for all sorts of cookery, is a list of "Family Medical Recipes," and other miscellaneous matters, together with "Observations on Carving." The medical recipes, as interfering with the concerns of the *faculty*, we ought not to encourage; but the observations on carving we would recommend to the perusal of all who have, or expect to have, any thing to carve.

The book is a neat little volume, of some 230, or more pages, very neatly printed on very white paper, and neatly bound with a red morocco back. We would recommend it to the perusal of every woman, whether wife, widow, or maid—if a wife, that she please her husband; if a widow, that she may console herself for the loss of her husband; if a maid, that she may prepare herself to deserve a husband. With all its manifold recommendations, if it does not sell well, there is no such thing as *taste* in the world—that's all.

NEW PAPER. The second number of a paper is before us, called "The Spirit of the Times and Life in New York." It is published by Messrs. Porter & Howe, at 33 Fulton-street. The size is imperial, the form folio, the mechanical execution neat, and the contents various and entertaining. It is accompanied by a well-written prospectus, from which, as it best expresses the design of the publication, we will give a short extract:—"The paper will treat of Fashion, Taste, and Scenes of Real Life, gathered from the every day exhibitions of the world. Theatres, Museums, and other fashionable places of resort, will receive appropriate notices, while the Sports of the Turf, the Ring, the Pit, of the Fisher and the Fowler, will engross no inconsiderable portion of attention. The proceedings of the Courts, civil and criminal, will as far as possible be given, when matters of interest occur; and more especially those of the Police, where Life in all its forms and colorings is so faithfully portrayed. It is also the intention of the editors to devote a considerable portion of each paper to the compilation and dissemination of the news of the day, in a summary form, which will serve as a brief and faithful record of all important passing events, condensing a large mass into a comparatively small compass."

By the by, the article on "Juggling," though we have seen something like it before, was not from the Berkshire American.

DEATH OF STEPHEN GIRARD. The celebrated banker, Stephen Girard, who for many years has had the reputation of being the wealthiest man in the United States, died at his residence in Philadelphia on Monday last. He was a native of France, and came to this country before the revolutionary war. He was poor on his arrival, but by industry and good fortune accumulated his immense wealth. He is said to have given much to public charities, to have encouraged the efforts of the rising mechanic and tradesman, and to have been a benefactor to the poor.

MISS HANNAH ADAMS, author of a "History of New-England," "View of Religions," and other literary works, died at Brookline, Mass., on the 16th inst., aged 76 years. She was among the earliest authors of either sex in this country, and the first female writer of any distinction. "It is gratifying," says the Boston Traveller, "to know, that she has left behind a simple and interesting memoir of her early life."

STAGE NOVELTIES. Besides the splendid drama of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the modest one of Martha Willis, *Doctor Knott* has lately made his appearance on the Park boards. His *debut* was hailed with unmingled pleasure, and is allowed on all hands to have been the most successful of any which has happened for a long time. The hearts of the audience seemed to warm within them at his first appearance: for, though he did not say a word, he produced a very sensible effect on the feelings of the audience. He now nightly makes his appearance on the corners of the stage, close to the stage boxes; and bids fair to continue a great favorite, at least till spring.

In speaking of Doctor Knott, however, we would not have it understood that he actually appears on the stage in *propria persona*; but merely in the shape of a couple of stoves that bear his name. His real presence, however, could not give more decided pleasure. They are a great comfort to the audience, and we should suppose would not be at all disagreeable to the performers, especially the females who, while used to shiver on a cold night like an aspen leaf.

We say, long live Dr. Knott, whether on the stage, or off the stage. We know of no man living who is more warmly the friend of mankind, in these northern latitudes, than the President of Union College.

NEW PLAY. We perceive the Richmond Hill Theatre has advertised, as in rehearsal, a new Comedy, entitled the *Discarded Daughter*, written by a gentleman of this city.

From the Light Reading of our Correspondent.

JOHN JAMES HEIDEGGER.

This singular character was the son of a clergyman of Zurich, in Switzerland, where he was born about the year 1659. Arrived at years of manhood, he married, but left the country in consequence of an intrigue. Having visited the principal courts of Europe, in the humble station of a domestic, he acquired a taste for elegant pleasures, which by degrees qualified him for the management of public amusements.

In 1708 Heidegger came to England, where by his address and ingenuity, he soon obtained chief direction of the opera house and masquerades. In this situation he is said to have accumulated a fortune of 5,000 pounds per annum. He possessed an extraordinary memory and great facility in writing operas; but his person, though tall and well made, was uncommonly disagreeable, from the excessive ugliness of his face, which was scarcely human.

Heidegger was one of the first to joke on his own ugliness, and once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield that, within a certain time, his lordship would not be able to produce so ludicrous a face in all London. After a strict search, a woman whose features were, at first sight, thought even stronger than those of the Count as he was ludicrously called, but on clapping her head-dress upon him, he was universally allowed to have won the bet.

The King condescended to request him to sit for his picture; but in vain, though the nobility, who were most intimate with him, and all his best patrons, urged the indecency of the refusal. This obstinacy gave rise to a laughable adventure.

The factious Duke of Montague, (the memorable author of the *Bottle Conjuror*), gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, to several of the nobility and gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard-drinkers who were in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and in a few hours after dinner was so inebriated that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed; a profound sleep ensued, when Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris: from this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade, at which the King promised to be present, with the Countess of Warrmouth, the duke made applica-

tions to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what sort of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions. On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his majesty was seated (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and the court officers, though concealed by his dress from the rest of the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play "God save the King," but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger, ordered them to play "Over the water to Charley." The whole company were thunder-struck, and all the courtiers not in the plot, were thrown into a stupified consternation. Heidegger flew to the music gallery, swore, stamped, raved, accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being unborn to ruin him. The king and countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, "God save the King" was the tune; but when, after setting matters to rights he retired to the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepped forward and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just before the music gallery, called out in an audible voice, imitating Heidegger, saying they were blockheads, had not he just told them to play, "Charley over the water?" A pause ensued; the musicians, who knew his character, in their turn, thought him either drunk or mad; but as he continued his vociferations, Charley was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for descending the gallery and kicking the musicians out; but the Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed. The company were thrown into the greatest confusion;—"Shame! shame!" resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montague artfully addressing himself to him, told him "the King was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the musicians were mad, and afterwards discharge them."

Almost in the same instant he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic before the King. Heidegger had no sooner made a gentle apology for the insolence of his musicians, but the counterfeit advanced and in a plaintive tone cried out, "Indeed, sir, it was not my fault, but that devil in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale and could not utter a word. The duke then humanely whispered in his ear the sum of his plot, and the masque was ordered to discover himself. Here ended the frolic; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement if the wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

Whatever may have been the faults or foibles of Heidegger, they were far exceeded by his clarity, which was abundant. He died in 1749, at the advanced age of ninety years.

MR. EDITOR.—I beg to enclose you the original version of the "New Musical Instrument," which last appears in the Constellation of 17th date. The original is copied from a Collection printed in 1803, and by which it appears that the "invention" occurred as far back as the beginning of 16th century.

"HOG ORGAN.—Louis XI. of France was as capricious in his amusements as he was cruel and arbitrary in his conduct. The Abbe de Baynes, a man of great wit, having invented many things relating to musical instruments, was introduced to Louis, and retained in his service. One day the King, imagining the demand to be absolutely impossible, commanded the Abbe to procure him harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. The Abbe like a true courtier, did not seem surprised at the proposal, but said the matter was feasible, if a sufficient sum were advanced to enable him to perform it. The King ordered the amount demanded to be immediately paid him; and desired the Abbe to set about it without delay which he accordingly did, and effected the most extraordinary concert ever heard. He got together a number of hogs of different ages, and placed them in a tent or pavilion covered with velvet, before which he fixed a wooden screen, painted to represent the front of a large organ. He then constructed a machine behind it, with a certain number of stops, so contrived, that when he touched the keys, they answered to so many spikes, which pricking the hogs, that stood up behind within the tent in due order of arrangement, made them produce such a concord of sweet sounds, that the King was extremely delighted, and amply rewarded the inventor of this singular "musical machine."

Light Reading at Leisure Hours.

Some twenty-five years back, this same idea was applied in London, to an instrument on which was performed, what was then called the "Cat's Concert."

these animals being employed in the place of swine; their tails were drawn through holes connected with the "action" of the key board, and the keys when touched straining the tails, occasioned the most discordant and horrid cries. E. G. L.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

THE LAST SLEEP.

"The Clods of the Valley shall be sweet unto him."

When, like a shade from Summer's sky,  
The darkness of this life shall cease—  
When the unconscious breast shall lie  
In the still earth's funeral peace:  
How will the sleeper rest in dust,  
His clay with kindred clay be blest,  
While the free spirit of the just  
Soars to a brighter element!

There is a tranquilizing thought  
Commingled with the voiceless grave;  
'Tis with no bitter memories fraught—  
It echoes not to Time's dull wave:  
Passion and Pride are passed away,  
And the deep slumberer sinks to rest,  
Like gilded clouds, when sunset's ray  
Is fading from the unbounded West.

And the hot gusts of kindling wrath,  
Which lashed the bosom into storm:  
They darken not his changeless path,  
And the knit brow no more deform—  
The throbbing heart is calm and hushed,  
The pulse of Hate is cold and still:  
And hopes, by sin and sorrow crushed,  
Rise not to vex the balled will!

Thus should it be! He slumbers now  
Sweet as the cradled infant's rest;  
No shadows cross that settled brow,  
On which the unfelt clod is pressed:  
From the seal'd lid there steals no tear—  
There is no care the eye to dim;  
And, in his shroud, reposing there,  
The vale's dull clod is 'sweet to him'!

Oh, who would wake the sleeper up,  
To walk earth's gloomy round again  
To feel the drops from Sorrow's cup,  
Rise to the wild and fever'd brain?  
For rather, in their lowly bed,  
Let his pale ashes moulder on—  
Since the FREE SPIRIT is not dead,  
But to an endless life hath gone.

Gen. Dessaix. Dessaix, who was born in Auvergne, had served for several years as an officer in the regiment of Brittany. His stature was tall, and his figure singular. He had five black fiery eyes, and a nose that seemed to descend from the top of the forehead; his thick and usually separated lips showed a set of teeth of sparkling whiteness; his hair, flat and black as jet, shaded his dark face. His gait was embarrassed, but still without awkwardness, and betrayed bashfulness and want of knowledge of the world. Altogether, he resembled a savage of the banks of the Oronoko dressed in French clothes. But one soon got accustomed to him. His voice was soft, and, when once drawn out of his usual reserve, he delighted by the variety of his information, and the simplicity of his manners. He had none of the faults of men accustomed to camp life. I never heard him utter a vulgar expression; an indecent word made him blush. As he was constantly easy and kind, his staff led a merry life, and the pretty girls of the Palatinate used frequently to visit headquarters. He smiled at our pleasures without sharing them, but with the indulgence of a father, who shuts his eyes on his children's wild tricks.

I do not think I ever saw him dressed in the uniform of his rank; he usually wore a blue coat without any lace, and the sleeves of which were so short that we used to say in jest, that he had certainly worn it when he first took the sacrament. He frequently mounted his horse without a sword when he went to visit his posts. One night, having ordered an attack on the convent of Marienborn, near Mentz, which the enemy occupied in force, he suddenly found himself without arms, in the midst of a surprised body of infantry, which was defending itself with the bayonet. Amongst the vines, Dessaix, perceiving he had forgotten his sword, pulled a vine prop out of the ground, and continued fighting as if he had Orlando's sword in his hand. Savary, who was then his aid-de-camp, threw himself before him, just in time to save his life, and killed an Hungarian grenadier, that was about to pierce him with his bayonet. (*Memoirs of Lavellette.*)

Nadir Shah, when encouraging the Persians to attack the Turks, said,—"You need not have any fear or anxiety respecting the nation. For God has given them but two lands; one of which is absolutely necessary to keep on their caps, and the other to hold up their trousers; and if they had a third, it would be employed to hold up their pipes; they have, therefore, none to spare for sword or shield."





as well as experience, argues on the stern. Ducks steer by the tail, so do fishes. Moreover, it is full of democratic danger to place the helm on the fore-castle. In the stern, it is within the part of the ship appropriated to the officers; but remove it to the fore-castle, and the guiding power is placed among the people by whom it may be seized. Let us not be led away by new theories and new examples.—As our forefathers, as Duncan, Rodney and Nelson, braved the battle and the breeze so may we. With guidance as era we reaped our laurels; end without it we may lose them. It is the evil fashion of this evilly innovating day to place the helm ahead, among the people and to remove from the old place of honor, the wheel of government.”—(*London Examiner*.)

#### PRINCE GEORGE OF CUMBERLAND.

The last number of *Jessie's* "National Portrait Gallery" furnishes a sketch of the biography of this son of the House of Brunswick.

"We are well pleased to engrave variety on these portraits by introducing the portrait of one so young as Prince George of Cumberland: whose birth, and the high expectations which await his future, render him already a very interesting object to the British nation. When we have looked upon the open countenance of this fine manly boy, as we have seen him in public places, we could not help fancying how much of the destinies of England might be bound up in his character and disposition, and we felt a wish to know something of both. Presuming that similar ideas, and a like desire, may have sprung up in the public mind, we trust we are not premature in our selection, nor likely to be blamed for our endeavour to gratify a very natural curiosity. Prince George is the only child of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Fredericka-Caroline-Sophia-Alexandrina, daughter of the Grand-Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, widow, first of Prince Frederick Louis of Prussia, and secondly of Frederick William, Prince of Salms-Haunsleben, whose marriage was solemnized on the 27th of May, 1845. On the 27th of May, 1849, Prince George was born at Berlin; but, though of foreign birth by locality, his up-bringing and education have always been purely English. From infancy he was committed to the charge of an English *bonne*, or nurse—an individual, we are assured, of most exemplary conduct and excellent understanding; and it is a good sign to know, that she is still attached to her charge with all but maternal solicitude and affection. The days of mere childhood had hardly passed, when the young prince displayed a precocity of intellect and talent, which still continues to mark his progress in years. Till about the age of seven, his instruction, such as befit these tender years, requires no particular notice. At that period the Rev. R. W. Jeff was selected, (we believe by his late majesty,) to undertake the important trust of his education, and proceeded to the continent upon his mission. Of Mr. Jeff's learning and accomplishments to recommend him to such an office, it might be thought flattery were to state all that we have heard; suffice it to say, that his reputation at Oxford, his manners as a gentleman, his piety as a divine, and his qualifications in every point of view, have the warmest testimony of the most competent and the most eminent authorities to which it is possible to defer. This choice, therefore we consider to be most fortunate for the prince, for his family, and for the country. During five years he has seldom been many hours absent from his pupil; and we hail it as another good omen, that the preceptor and the student should throughout all that period have preserved at once the kindest and the fittest relationship towards each other. We are assured, and for the purpose of this brief sketch we have not spared inquiry, that Prince George, in his appointed hours for daily study, is attentive, docile, and quick in apprehension, and when his tasks are finished, peculiarly grateful for the information he has received, thanking his teacher for the boon, the value of which he has so soon learned to appreciate. This, no doubt, must endear him to Mr. Jeff; and if we are truly informed, their mutual regard is a pattern for domestic tuition. It is also highly creditable to the judgment of the august parents of this hopeful branch of our royal stem, that they never interfere with his course of education, except to approve of its manner and its fruits. There are, of course, no events in the life of a youth of twelve years of age, though born in the highest sphere, and brought up under the roof of his father, in whose family the foremost rank is (thanks to Providence) united with the continued blessing of the greatest prosperity; and the chief incident we have to record, in the memoir of Prince George, is his coming to England about three years ago. We have mentioned, that, even previous to this removal, the formation of his mind and habits had been altogether English. He spoke English from his earliest childhood; and he was always under the eye and in the care of English attendants. The patriotic wisdom and foresight of this preceding cannot be too much commended. It has made him a prince of England, and England alone to him a native land. And this is evident in his whole behaviour, which has not the least tinge of the continent upon it, but is purely and entirely that of an intelligent and spirited English boy. We mean no narrow and prejudiced insinuation towards the youthful character in other countries; but as every nation has its peculiar customs and feelings, which are prized by the community at large it is desirable that those destined to an in-

fluential station among them, should be familiar with their customs, and possessed of an identity with their feelings. That to the precocity of talent we have noticed, Prince George has superadded industry and application, may be concluded, when we state, that, besides his native tongue, English, he speaks French fluently and accurately, is well acquainted with the German language, and far advanced in Latin. He has recently begun the Greek; and in all the other usual studies which comprehend a solid system of liberal education, he is more forward than the generality of even clever and distinguished scholars of the same standing. In this solid system we include history, geography, arithmetic, and other pursuits connected with the sciences and useful knowledge. In all these he is proficient; and in acquiring them he has ever displayed great aptitude and readiness. Indeed, his capacity is such, that there is no subject placed before him, however difficult, which he cannot master and overcome; no point requiring acuteness and comprehension, to which, if his energies are directed, he does not bring ample abilities, and succeed in its complete investigation, with rather extraordinary facility. We have hitherto described the prince in connexion with his natural gifts and studies. It may belong also to the former to state, that his powers of conversation are uncommonly great. He is a most lively and agreeable companion; full of the gaiety of his happy age, and yet so observant as often to excite surprise by his striking remarks and comments. In his manners he is kind and condescending to every person who approaches him; and is thus a universal favorite without being spoiled. In all these more immediately around him, he has inspired the warmest attachment; they speak with one voice in terms of affection, which could only be elicited by a deserving individual; and that he is, to employ a trite phrase, the idol of his parents, may readily be supposed. These traits of character, and their effects, we have recorded with the most delightful satisfaction. We could have nothing to tell beyond what pertains to twelve years of age; but surely it is cheering to a British bosom, to contemplate, in one so nearly allied to the British throne, so promising a union of good qualities and virtues. Our task is but brief—we have only the bud to paint; yet from the nature and noble appearance of that bud, we trust it is not too much to hope and to anticipate, that when its fruit has been gathered, some future historian may refer to this early and humble sketch, and declare, as of the Henrys, and Eugenes, and Ruperts, that it not only did not belie, but far exceeded, its opening beauty, and matured into a glory and splendour which reflected a lustre upon the name of England."

From the Boston Transcript.

#### THE COLT-CONFIDING DEACON.

A RIGHT NERKY BALLAD.

Old Richard Gray of Richardstown,  
A man of thrift and space,  
Had grown by grace, gear, and renown,  
A deacon in the place.  
His breed of cattle far were famed,  
From yearling to the sire,  
Which, to the Governor when named,  
Made him a yearling "squire."  
But free from sorrow none are born:  
One day when at his sty,  
While throwing out his hogs their corn,  
He threw out a deep sigh.  
"Oh, that I had some little swine!"—  
These porkers soon must die,  
And, Clarence like, must swim in brine!"—  
Then swam in brine his eye.  
"This is a mild and heavenly morn—  
I'll visit brother Briggs,  
And since he's had some lately born,  
I'll buy two of his pigs.  
I have a colt that should be trained  
At least to bit and back;  
This good right arm worse beast has reigned,  
Sure I can ride the hack.  
No sooner said than done. The nag  
Was caught and then bestrode  
By deacon Gray and saddlebags,  
And put upon the road.  
Arrived at brother Briggs's place,  
His "dicker" was begun,  
And, by the aid of solemn face,  
He closed a bargain soon.  
And then were brought the saddlebags  
And opened for their guests;  
The pigs were packed away like rags,  
Close cuddled in their nests.  
Now mounted all, for home they ride,  
Two swine and deacon Gray,  
And bags and spectacles astride,  
The devil would have a fray.

\* In Vermont all magistrates are yearlings; that is, appointed annually.

Whether the pony felt his oats,  
Or pigs, in the portmanteau,  
Without respect for man or shoats,  
He took a frightful canter.  
With nostrils wide and high upwrought  
"Into the murky air,"  
He wildly ran, as if he thought  
To run away from care.

Wide spread the deacon's nether limbs,  
Perhaps he stretched for fame;  
His hands, by one of nature's whims,  
Had grown unto the mane.

His breath was short, he felt a load  
Upon his lungs and bowels,  
For ne'er before had horse been rode  
With nursing pigs for rowels.

Whoa! whoa! the deacon cried,  
With no command of bit;  
With demon shrieks the pigs replied,  
Like those in Holy Writ.

At length the pony lurched, and cast  
The rider on the turf,  
Like sea-weed when the storm is past,  
Thrown up by any surf.

Not paused the pony, or the pigs,  
Within their leathern sties;  
His sides still felt their savage jigs,  
Their cries still rend the skies.

Old deacon Gray, while low he lay,  
Had heard their swift departure,  
And having found himself was sound,  
Began to follow after.

In distance, cries and kicks had died,  
In grief he onward trode,  
When looking up, perchance, he spied  
A traveller on the road.

And now they meet. "Dear Sir, I've been  
Too pig-and-colt-confiding;  
I pray you tell me, have you seen  
Some swine a horse back riding?"

"Good Sir," replied he, with a stare,  
"I fear you mean to quiz;  
Of tricks on travellers beware,  
You shame that 'lengthy' phiz."

The girl had broke, the pigs were found  
Beside the road in trouble,  
Their wrongs lamenting on the ground,  
Erim full of "wrath and bubble."

Thenceforth, where'er the deacon read  
Of Nimrod, first of hunters,  
He thought how he himself had sped  
In company with grunTERS.

He sold the colt, that brought his age  
With sorrow to the ground,  
While better beast to run in stage  
Has never yet been found.

But even now, a swinish shriek  
Portends the horse some evil;  
He recollects his former freak,  
And "streaks" it like the devil.

*Character of the Hog.* The following humorous remarks extracted from the Report of the Committee on Swine, before the Worcester Agricultural Society:

"The judges of swine, report, that their duties on this occasion have brought them in close connexion with a most lovely portion of the animal creation. What animal, for instance, can compare with the hog in personal neatness? Where else can be found such gravity and dignity of demeanor? Who has not looked with admiration on the wonderful elongation of countenance, which the most pleasurable sensations can never distort into a smile! Who ever heard of a hog-laugh?—The little cross accidents which constitute so large a part of the sum of our miseries can never disturb the calm serenity of his countenance! And who can fail to admire the elegance of his whole figure, and the grace of all his movements? But above all, who has not listened, with the most exulting interest, to the harmony of his voice? Notwithstanding all the amiable qualities of this most interesting beast, it cannot be denied that he has been slandered most foully. One class of the human family has been allowed to usurp the sovereignty of his name.

The miserable drunkard has, by common consent, been dignified with the name of *hog*, and the scene of his disgusting orgies has most unaptly been called a *sty*! This is wrong and oppressive, all must allow; but your committee have found themselves unable to devise any plan which is likely to furnish a remedy for the evil. Several were suggested, but none could be hit upon which seemed likely to effect their object than a convention of swine, to be assembled at some suitable time

and place, where the whole matter could be fully discussed and considered.

The first business of the meeting would of course be, to nominate suitable candidates for office! but the main-object would be to pass resolves expressive of the following sentiment:—"That if any man shall hereafter knowingly and wilfully speak evil of a hog, he ought never afterwards to have aasher of bacon for his breakfast."

*Tricks upon Travellers.*—Our readers doubtless remember the story of the Southern planter, who shipped a grindstone to Europe, carefully packed in a bale of Sea Island cotton, and the explanation of the child on seeing it returned, "Let me, here is the old grindstone come back again." We were forcibly reminded of it by an incident related to us a few days since, which we cannot refrain laying before the public, and expressing our hope that it will serve to put travellers upon the guard. A person from this town went to Providence a few days since, and put up his horse at one of the first hotels in the place, where he called for him the next morning before light.

On setting the bill, a one dollar bank note, a little torn, was given him in change from the house; and as by the glimmering from a lantern he saw it to be of Perkins' steel plate, of which there is no counterfeit, he put it into his pocket without further examination. On his return home, he looked at the bill, which proved to be of the Belchertown Bank, whose notes are taken by the New York brokers at ninety nine per cent. discount in payment for lottery tickets. He immediately despatched it back to Providence, requesting the bearer to demand in exchange from the keeper of the hotel, who, on having it handed to him, declared he was ready to take it back, but that he really thought he "had got rid of the d—d bill this time."

His conduct proved him to be guilty of an act which rendered him liable to a criminal prosecution; and had not our informer recollected of whom he had taken the bill, he would have been swindled out of the amount by this honest publican.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

*A Jersey Trick, or how to make two barrels of one.*—Verily, some of our Countrymen, not a thousand miles off, are making rapid advances in that pretty kind of villany which will render them apt associates for the inmates of *Newgate*, (Eng.) whither we would recommend them to wend their way, that they may receive the last polish as high way robbers; and if they can elude the halter, may return to their native land by the time all the honest avocations of life are so filled as to create some apology for the exercise of their light fingered dexterity.

One of our Funiters on Tuesday called our notice to one of the *slickest* tricks we have ever heard of in a native farmer, viz: eight barrels of Apples which he had purchased were thus packed in Flour Bbls. having two heads with the inspection holes in them. A Pippin of the finest quality was placed opposite each hole by way of sample. These being kept in their place by a good wad of hay, occupying at each end about a fourth of the barrel, the centre was filled with apples of a pretty fair quality, thus making two barrels out of one. *Bravo* brother Jersey—take our advice above, and if you escape being hung, you will become quite an adept by the time robbing on the high way becomes fashionable in this land of milk and honey. The Apples came from *New Ark*—*Beacon.*

*A SISTER'S LOVE.*—"There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affection, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet without so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blent with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy or revenge in regard to that brother. In all the affections of woman there is a devotedness, and a depth which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not at all accessory in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicity. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratifications in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration."

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These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes.

poor. They possessed highly polished and vitrified surfaces, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and were

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In point of *economy* they will be found *highly* advantageous to the weaver, as they will enable him to succeed

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From the unpretended patronage which a liberal and

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vention Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have  
deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of  
their ownmaking and invention; and, while, with benefit

gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this

great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his 'Invitation Human to corruptible Teeth' are, in this city, inserted by *himself*.

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